

RESIDENTIAL TIMBER

Clarkson Talks to a Lady Reporter.

MCKINLEY THE FAVORITE NOW

But in Two Years Thomas B. Reed Will Be a Powerful Candidate.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 24.—General John S. Clarkson, who rarely submits to being interviewed for newspapers, has fallen a victim to the wiles of one of the Examiner's Christmas edition lady reporters, and talked of presidential possibilities. General Clarkson thinks that if the convention were held this year McKinley would be the Republican choice, but two years are to intervene, and in the meantime General Clarkson thinks that Thomas B. Reed, of Maine, will come forward as a powerful candidate. He thinks Mr. Reed the strongest American intellectually today, and says that he would make a great President. He also spoke of General Harrison, Senator Culion, Robert Lincoln, Senator Spooner, Senator Davis and Senator Allison as possibilities.

THE COAST ROAD.

Tracklaying to recommence next Monday.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 24.—H. E. Huntington of the Southern Pacific said today: "A track is now laid seven and one-half miles south of San Luis Obispo. On December 31st it is expected to recommence tracklaying and uninterrupted at the rate of one-half mile per day to the north bank of the Santa Maria river near Guadalupe, a distance of twenty-three and one-half miles from San Luis Obispo. In this twenty-three and one-half miles there occur four steel bridges on masonry abutments with spans 30 and 100 feet and at Santa Maria river there will be required seven steel spans each of 180 feet, to span the river. The work of constructing foundations for this bridge is very considerable and will require until some time in April to complete it, at which time steel bridge will be rapidly erected on the masonry abutments, and the track completed into Guadalupe a few days thereafter.

MRS. BARNES LIBERATED.

Her Bondsman are the People She Most Injured.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 24.—Mrs. S. W. Barnes, in jail awaiting trial for poisoning her husband, was today liberated from the custody of the sheriff upon giving a bond in the sum of \$5000 to answer the process of court. Now that Salter, her co-conspirator, is under guard, having committed suicide, there is no evidence against Mrs. Barnes except her own written confession which is in the hands of the District Attorney. Her principal bondsmen are the people she has most injured, her forgiving husband and his mother, Mrs. Sullivan. Upon being released from jail she was escorted by her husband to their former home, where she will live with her children about her until the day of trial, the 14th of January.

CHANGED THEIR SYSTEM.

Bank Employees Who Will Not Get Their Salaries Raised.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 24.—The employees of the Bank of California are experiencing the disagreeable effects of the defalcation of William R. McVey, the once trusted clerk, who is now serving a sentence at San Quentin. Hilario every Christmas the various employees have received as a holiday gift a small increase in salary. Not only has this been withheld, but each clerk is subjected to a system of espionage regarding his personal expenditures which is extremely galling, but calculated to pre-serve discipline.

Fatal Quarrel Over a Bill.

TAOS, Wash., December 24.—E. R. Capron, an upholsterer, was killed this afternoon by W. T. Taylor, a negro upholsterer. The men were quarreling, when Taylor suddenly struck Capron a terrible blow in the face. They were standing near a carbuncle, and when Capron gave him an awful kick under the chin, Capron's neck was broken, and he died in ten minutes. The murderer claimed that Capron refused to pay him a bill of \$18. This led to the quarrel.

Killed His Wife's Tormentor.

LOS ANGELES, December 24.—James Houston, a laborer on a ranch near Norwalk, this county, was shot and killed late last night by Ralph Siger, another ranch laborer of whose young wife Houston was enamored. Houston had implored her to elope with him. She had refused, and Houston was threatening her with a gun when Siger appeared on the scene. Siger gained possession of the gun and fired the fatal shot.

FATAL HUNTING TRIP.

Cabell M. Moore of Academy accidentally shoots himself.

Last Saturday afternoon, while out hunting, Cabell M. Moore of Academy, a road station twenty miles northeast of Fresno, accidentally shot and killed himself. He received the full charge of a shot gun in the region of his heart and only lived two or three hours afterwards.

Mr. Moore and a companion were out hunting in a cart. His companion had alighted from the cart and left Moore in charge of both guns. One of the guns slipped through an opening in the bottom of the vehicle and he attempted to draw it up. It fired the gun, with resulting fatal results.

Murderers Arrested.

MADERA, December 24.—A messenger from the mountains above Raymond reports the arrest today of Charlie Hart and Jim Haskell, two Indians, for the murder of Pascual Milesi, whose body was found a short time since horribly mutilated. The evidence against them is said to be convincing.

Will Continue the Investigation.

NEW YORK, December 24.—Dr. Parkhurst says he will continue the investigation of the police until he has deposited Superintendent Byrnes. He says that he would soon think of asking Satan's advice on the reorganization of hell as to ask Byrnes to reorganize the police department.

Price of Hams Reduced.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 24.—The price of hams has been reduced 1 cent a pound. The market slumped in response to a telegram from Armour to cut to the bone. This is pleasant for consumers but reduces the profit of the dealer to a minimum.

Bookkeeper Seelye Sentenced.

NEW YORK, December 24.—Bookkeeper Seelye, who stole \$350,000 from the Shoe and Leather Bank, was sentenced today to eight years' imprisonment.

AN ELECTRIC RAILROAD

Will be Built From Merced to Yosemite.

THE RIGHT OF WAY OBTAINED

Electric Power Will be Established at Three Points on Merced River.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 24.—William H. Mills of the Southern Pacific Company was interviewed today by one of the young ladies of the Christmas Examiner staff. He confided to her the fact that the construction of an electric railroad from Merced to Yosemite valley is an assured fact. "The capital stock will be \$2,000,000," said Mr. Mills, "and we will take for most part by Chicago capitalists. The right of way from Merced to Yosemite has been obtained. The engagements for rental of electrical power for use of mining at points on the road and for machinery at Merced exceed already \$100,000 per annum. Power is to be established at three points on Merced river. The road will be broad gauge, and will serve that region for freight and passengers like omnibus, trams, etc. The Pacific Improvement Company will take the contract for the construction of the line."

A BOY MURDERER CONFESSIONS.

WEAVERTON, December 24.—Charles Williams, the 17-year-old boy who is charged with the murder of John Hart, has confessed to the crime and implicated his old master, Moses Williams, a relative, who was associated with Hart in some property and with whom he wanted to get full possession of, and so he offered young Williams six hogs, a 2-year-old colt, an interest in a mining claim and \$100 to kill Hart and his Indian mistress. The boy's courage failed him when he went to kill the woman. The murder of Hart was committed November 14th. Old man Williams was arrested while young Williams was giving his testimony. When placed under arrest he tried to make light of the murder.

AN OBNOXIOUS TAX.

SANTA ROSA PROPERTY OWNERS REFUSE TO PAY IT.

The Waterworks, Depot and Many Fine Residences Sold by the Marshal.

SANTA ROSA, December 24.—There was considerable excitement here today over the sale of delinquent tax property as the result of refusals on the part of prominent property owners to pay the special water tax recently held to be valid by Judge Hart of Napa. Marshal Steadman gave them all until 11 o'clock to pay their tax and then proceeded with the sale. Many paid up, but about \$30,000 worth was sold. Among the property sold were the Waterworks, Depot, tracks and yards of the San Francisco & North Pacific railway and many fine residences in the heart of the city. J. H. Brash, president of the Santa Rosa National Bank, bought the water works, depot and much other property. Other prominent purchasers were B. M. Spence, W. G. Oldham and Max Heymann of the city. C. J. Fitz, C. Kelley and A. M. Haines of San Francisco. It is expected that there will be some interesting litigation growing out of the sale of this property by the marshal.

DARIUS MYERS' RIVAL.

He Says Populists Will Usurp the Place of the Lord and Apostles.

EX-REPUBLICAN.—Darius Myers predicted in the paper the other day that in 1896 thirteen thrones would be up to judge the sinner and rule the world. The twelve apostles would sit on the twelve thrones and the founder of Christianity on the thirteenth. Now, while it is true that Mr. Myers is a nice gentleman and a good Christian, all mortals, he is liable to fall into error, thus making mistakes, as he did in his prediction that thirteen thrones were to be set up in 1892, when only one throne, namely the throne of Grover the First, was then set up, and an attempt was made to set up the second throne, that of Queen Lil.

I have looked somewhat this thirteen throne prediction myself, and I find that at this time Mr. Myers is correct, that the first was set up in 1892, but Mr. Myers made no reference to the persons who are to sit on them. Instead of as Mr. Myers says, the founder of Christianity and the twelve apostles on these thirteen thrones, twelve governors will sit on them in twelve states of this Union and a President will sit on the throne of Grover the First at Washington. Those thirteen rulers on thirteen thrones will all be Populists, who will sit and judge the present Democratic goldbug administration, including Grover the First himself who then, like any common sinner, will sit on these thirteen thrones and receive a flogging, a dozen like that of Queen Lil, for his many sins against the common people of his country, and unlike now Grover will not then enjoy a very merry Christmas.

ANDREW JACKSON.

A FATAL HUNTING TRIP.

Cabell M. Moore of Academy accidentally shoots himself.

Last Saturday afternoon, while out hunting, Cabell M. Moore of Academy, a road station twenty miles northeast of Fresno, accidentally shot and killed himself.

He received the full charge of a shot gun in the region of his heart and only lived two or three hours afterwards.

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Something New.

A sure, speedy and positive cure for all kinds of coughs, colds, fevers, biliousness and liver complaints, and also a speedy and certain cure for private diseases at the Golden Rule Drug Store, where all kinds of pure drugs and cold remedies can be had cheaper than anywhere else in Fresno, where a doctor of long experience and graduate of the best medical schools of Europe and America can be consulted and guaranteed free of charge. Consulting pharmacist, Golden Rule Drug Store, 1730 Marquette Street, next to Bank of Central California.

Dr. T. H. B. Anderson, formerly pastor of the M.G. Church South of this city, but now stationed at Sacramento, is a candidate for the chaplaincy of the assembly, with a fair prospect of receiving the commission of praying for the sinful members of that body, if there be any such.

Jerome Madden has gone to San Francisco.

Gypsum at Donaloe, Emmons & Co.*

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Govt Report

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

COMMON SENSE

HOLIDAY GIFTS!

McVey's Furniture Store now exhibits the largest and most varied stock of FURNITURE.
Ever seen in this city.

Wicker Rockers, Writing Desks, Combination Desks, Hat Racks, Parlor, Bed-room and Kitchen Furniture and Carpets in choice and new designs.

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At 1120, 1122 and 1124 J St.

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FOR THE LITTLE ONES

A Column Which Nobody Else Need Read.

CHRISTMAS AS IT APPEARS

The Good Little Boy and Bad Little Boy—"Christmas Isn't Just the Same."

This column is for the little folks, and the grown people need not read it. They have their own papers filled with accounts of murders and suicides and elopements and church scandals and other things that they like to read about, on 30 days in the year, and on the 31st day it really is no more than right that the children should have a little place for themselves. Now, is it?

Once there were two little boys. One was a very bad little boy, and the other was a very good little boy; and they were brothers. The bad little boy would do some of the most awful things, and then the good little boy would tell their papa about them, and their papa would whip the bad little boy, which shows that the way of transgressors is hard. And then the bad little boy would get the good little boy out behind the barn and punch seven kinds of goodness out of him, which shows—but I never could see what showed. Can you?

And when Christmas came Santa Claus brought the good little boy a bag of popcorn and a tea-set, and a nice book called "Diving Delights of Christian Christians." But he brought the bad little boy two bags of candy and a drum and a bicycle and a fairy-tale book and a ball and some other things. This was because the bad little boy went to four different Sunday schools after November 1st, and so got presents on all of their Christmas trees. This shows that virtue is its own reward; it has to be.

Of course, dear children, this story is quite different from "Sarah's Sweet Sacrifice," or something of that sort, but it is fully as realistic. You may ask your mamma what "realistic" means.

This is a true story:

Once upon a time there was a little girl who was very naughty. If her mamma asked her to wash her face she would whine and say, "I shan't;" if her brother contradicted her she struck him; if a playmate had an apple or a piece of candy she snatched it away from her. She was very coarse and rude and bad. Now look at the result: After a while she grew up, and what do you suppose became of her? I will tell you: She grew into a young woman who chewed gum on the streets.

Moral: The moral of this beautiful story, dear children, is that if a child once starts wrong there is no knowing to what she may not fall.

You think—you little folks, with God's sunlight on your faces—that it was a long time ago when we bald-headed boys and wrinkled girls waited for Santa Claus to come to our houses where he gave us his best gifts—sister's or brother's love. You think we are old. Ah, bless you, how little you know about it. Why, we are young, and one and all, we still play with our useless toys; and one of the toys we call "gold" and another "fame." It was but yesterday, I assure you, when my sister and I hung up our Christmas stockings in that little eastern cottage,

on whose occupants may God's angels drop the manna of His infinite peace and blessing—but yesterday, or the day before, at the most. Strange that we us old, when there is not a one of us who would not break his ribcage to get into Christmas games if but the cold, toed forms would come to join us in the sport! "We are not old," us only that we do not understand.

I met a little black-eyed, curly-haired tot on the street yesterday, and she and I had a conversation. In the course of it I asked her if Santa Claus would come to her house today.

"No," she said.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Oh, because my papa and mamma bring me my presents."

Now just think of the ignorance of that child! Isn't it astounding? If you and I didn't know better than that we'd be ashamed of ourselves, wouldn't we? I was surprised that anybody would know about Santa Claus.

Why, once I—oh, but I guess I can't tell you about that—about poetry. You know what poetry is, don't you? The ends of the lines sound alike. Poets are long-haired men who have nothing to say, and can say it easier that way:

"There aren't no Santa Claus."

And when I asked her how she knew,

"So then I said, 'I guess I know.'

"I'll give you Santa Claus a show before I look for Santa."

So then my sister said to me:

"There aren't no Santa Claus."

Then she walked me instead.

"My! I was sleepy. They'd do

me in if I went to sleep."

And then I said, "I guess I know."

Then I'd wake up and watch till light,

And get of Santa Claus a sight."

And this is what she said:

"There aren't no Santa Claus."

Then she walked me instead.

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